

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)  
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,  
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

*Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,  
Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,  
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares  
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold  
Thy flye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

*Post* blowing a horn within.  
For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

*Lewes.* Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.  
*Enter the Poste.*

*Post.* My Lord Ambassador,  
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwicke.*  
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*  
These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis.*  
And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret.*  
From whom, I know not.

*They all read their Letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris  
Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his.  
*Prince Ed.* Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were  
netled, I hope, all's for the best.

*Lew.* Warwicke, what are thy Newes?  
And yours, faire Queene.

*Mar.* Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.  
*War.* Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

*Lew.* What has your King married the Lady Grey?  
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,  
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?  
Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?  
Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

*Mar.* I told your Maiesty as much before:  
This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwicks honesty.

*War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,  
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,  
That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,  
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke  
My Father came vntime to his death?

Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?  
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?  
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?  
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.  
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,  
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry.*

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,  
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:  
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,  
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Mar.* Warwicke,  
These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,  
And I forgive, and quite forget old fautes,  
And ioy that thou becom'st King *Henries* Friend.

*War.* So much his Friend, I his vnfaired Friend,  
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs  
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,  
Ile undertake to Land them on our Coast,  
And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,  
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,  
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,  
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

*Bona.* Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reueng'd,  
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

*Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* liue,  
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.  
*War.* And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.  
*Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd  
You shall haue ayde.

*Mar.* Let me giue humble thanks for all at once,  
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,  
That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers  
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.  
*Bona.* Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,  
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,  
And I am ready to put Armor on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.  
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

*Lew.* But Warwicke,  
Thou and Oxford, with fife thousand men  
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:  
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen  
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant Loyalty,  
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,  
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,  
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

*Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion,  
Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and Vertuous,  
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,  
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.

*Prin. Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,  
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

*Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,  
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall  
Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleete.  
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,  
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

*Exeunt. Mar. and Warwicke.*  
*War.* I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,  
But I returne his sworn and mortall Foe:  
Master of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.  
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,  
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:  
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,  
But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery. *Exit.*

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But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.*

*Rich.* Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you  
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

*Cl.* Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,  
How

How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?  
*Som.* My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the  
King.

*Flourish.*

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.*

*Rich.* And his well-chosen Bride.  
*Clarence.* I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

*King.* Now Brother of *Clarence*,  
Which are you our Choyce,  
That you stand penfue, as halfe malecontent?

*Clarence.* As well as *Lewis* of France,  
Or the Earle of Warwicke,  
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,

That they le take no offence at our abuse.  
*King.* Suppose they take offence without a cause:  
They are but *Lewis* and Warwicke, I am *Edward*,  
Your King and Warwicks, and must haue my will.

*Rich.* And shall haue your will, because our King:  
Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

*King.* Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

*Rich.* Not I: no:  
God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,  
Whom God hath ioynd together:  
Land 'twere pittie, to sunder them,  
That yoake so well together.

*King.* Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, *Somerset*, and *Mountague*,  
Speake freely what you thinke.

*Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion:  
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,  
For mocking him about the Marriage  
Of the Lady *Bona*.

*Rich.* And Warwicke, doing what you gaue in charge,  
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

*King.* What, if both *Lewis* and Warwicke be appeas'd,  
By such inuention as I can deuise?

*Mount.* Yet, to haue ioynd with France in such alliance,  
Would more haue strength'n'd this our Commonwealth  
Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it selfe,  
England is safe, if true within it selfe?

*Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.  
*Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:  
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,  
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,  
And with their helpe, onely defend our selues:  
In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

*Cl.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues  
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

*King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,  
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

*Rich.* And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,  
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*  
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;  
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:  
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

*Cl.* Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire  
Of the Lord *Bonvil* on your new Wiues Sonne,  
And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

*King.* Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife  
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

*Clarence.* In chusing for you  
You shew'd your iudgement  
Which being shallow, you shew'd  
To play the Broker in mine  
And to that end, I shortly minde  
King. Leave me, or tarry,  
And not be ty'd vnto his Brother  
Lady Grey. My Lords, be  
To rayse my State to Title  
Doe me but right, and you may  
That I was not ignoble of  
And meaner then my selfe haue  
But as this Title honors me  
So your dislikes, to whom I  
Doth cloud my ioyes with da  
King. My Loue, forbear to  
What danger, or what sorrow  
So long as *Edward* is thy con  
And their true Soueraigne, w  
Nay, whom they shall obey,  
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred  
Which if they doe, yet will I  
And they shall feeble the veng  
Rich. I heare, yet say not

*Enter a Messenger.*  
King. Now Messenger, w  
from France?

*Post.* My Soueraigne Lieg  
But such, as I (without your  
Dare not relate.

*King.* Goe too, wee pardon  
Therefore, in brieft, tell me th  
As neere as thou canst guesse  
What answer makes King *L*

*Post.* At my depart, these  
Goe tell false *Edward*, the sup  
That *Lewis* of France is sendi  
To reuell it with him, and his  
King. Is *Lewis* so braue?

But what said Lady *Bona* to  
*Post.* These were her words.  
Tell him, in hope hee'l prou  
Ile weare the Willow Garla  
King. I blame not her; sh  
She had the wrong. But wh  
For I haue heard, that she wa  
*Post.* Tell him (quoth she)  
My mourning Weedes are d  
And I am ready to put Armo  
King. Belike she minde  
But what said Warwicke to  
*Post.* He, more incens'd ag  
Then all the rest, discharg'd  
Tell him from me, that he ha  
And therefore Ile vn-crowne  
King. Ha? durst the Traytor  
Well, I will arme me, being  
They shall haue Warres, and  
But say, is Warwicke's friends w  
*Post.* I, gracious Souera  
They are so link'd in friendsh  
That yong Prince *Edward* m  
Clarence. Belike, the eldes  
Clarence will haue the youn